46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

June 29 - 1905.

My Violet.

You will see in the Times that we have a Nephew, born at 10 this morning, after some difficulty. However Margaret is extremely well, & her son is a true Herbert, with a hooked nose, & a light pink skin - poor little wretch. Poppe sat up for two nights in misery, & hardly knows what he does today - so he took us all to eat ices at Fenters for a treat.

Oh Lord, what a fool I am! I go through 2 days & misery, thinking whether to stay with Nelly for a Sunday or not. & then I say yes, & now I hear she has her sister there; & I shall be in acute agony the whole time. Never will I accept any invitation again

We have six people dining here. Beatrice among them. I have been doing entirely the wrong thing at Morley - Sheepshanks showed wolfs' fangs.

Shall we ever find rest in this toilsome world?

Mrs Leyhelton never writes; so I sit & suck my pen.

I ran against Leo & Killy last night, & regretted my Editor's kindness.

Oh why did I ever accept Nelly? I might sit & read my book in peace, if only I had had the wisdom of a sucking child.

Yr Aff

46. Gordon Sq:

My Violet,

I can't think where this odd bit of paper come from, but it seem obviously meant for you, by reason of its sketches – Now do you see the joke? The whole of my reputation depends on it!

Nelly was like lavender & cream after Kitty: She made one or two corrections, which I had expected, but otherwise said she would like it printed as it stands, & the dog really like it, & that's Kitty's point of view absurd. So you can imagine that I think her a woman of the finest critical judgement; I am going to send the wretched thing off to Ted at once without corrections. They can be made later – if he wishes to print, but I shall make it clear that I don't wish it printed. Poor Violet – what it is to have a scribbling maniac among your dependents! I send

NYPL

for with this the miserable article which I have screwed out with a view to Leo: say it it won't do. For the last I shall do, as I have taken a plunge into tough Greek, & that has so much attraction for me – Heaven knows why. That I don't want to do anything else. I am really rather good at Greek.

We had Margaret Lyttelton, who did her best to talk, but she is rather a stiff & starched young woman. I think she is really nice though, & asked us to go & see her. Tomorrow Even Blessed Katharine Horner is coming to tea – so the young ladies are appeased – & then I shall shut myself up & translate Greek history, & nobody shall criticize me at all –

Tell Mrs Cram that I went to my women yesterday, & had 4 – as against 2 last week, & we discussed Venice, & I showed them pictures, & they were nice & pretty & full of antics, & told me about their aunts who said that there was water in all the

Street in Venice, & was it true — & the Clergyman
has at home (Yorkshire) had been to Rome, &
shown them pictures of it. So will
have to come down & talk to them one week —
lots of jokes is what they like — & then
they blossom out. I could say how they have
written poetry since the age of 11!

When am I going to see you again.
This year — next year — now — or never!
Ain't it comic here & Ford being
assignation at your house?
Lena is sending her article to the
Saturday Review, I think, on Hardy's work.
[illegible] when with you come & dine.)

NYPL

Yrs ever
HDS.

July 11, 1905

My Violet,

Tuesday will do just as well for me as Thursday, or any other day. But remember that you lunch here on Friday this week – I think on the 28th that will soon divide us.

I have been trying to analyse Mr. Carlyle all the morning & find I write such marvellous dry nonsense – I sometimes doubt the value of words, which is a terrible confession for a journalist to make. Proof come of the Nineteenth Cen. – a short review, which is a theatre more scornful than I meant. But I

don't remember the most derisive of authors
cares what the Question says of him -
preaching the charities of the parish
in the next breath. Perhaps Mrs Lyttelton
will have some sea sanity blown into
her brain.
I went to a shop to look for little
travelling books for you today - but -
they had only the usual Temple Classics.
Here they are, in case you find them
useful.
We take chairs & sit on our
balcony after dinner, & watch
the servant girls greeting with
waiters in the shade of the
trees. Really London Square
with the lamps lit & the
heat on the green is a
romantic place - even lamp-oil
may be worth the wisps.
I say in my Carlyle article

"Conversations are more in letters" !!
Such a so profound is my wisdom.
Do you like my fluent rounded
style, or my curt & mordant style the
best? — or the letter — as the Sibells
& this world have it.
I am dining with Savages tomorrow
night, & think I shall ask him
what has got into my bonnet
when I write to you. Sympathetic
insanity, I expect it is — You
know you must really be insane
to like England & think to widen
your mind by knocking round the
world. You with being back
photographs to show us! How
I state my firm refusal to work
at one & then. I am treated
with sympathy now, as one about
to lose her solitary friend. Indeed
I can't conceive a more pathetic
case, & I shed secret & bitter
tears over it. No one to ask me

of my back aches, or if I have weather anything lately - or to promise well for my future. Letters must come hot from the Equator with praise, or I shall give up literature & take to marriage. We saw Gloves baby take his bottle the other day, looking more like a Christian now he can't. His eyes are still shut. & squint; & he is rehearsed to be like his cousin, Lord Rochester! But all this is profoundly uninteresting. v I begin to think that one sentence of my article at any rate is true. I am going to dine with the Buxtons to discuss my Good - would be good at Operate - work - Letters are not literature! It is so odd to plunge into philanthropic society, living on the other side of the river, of a sudden. Now I must write 2 other letters

Yr HGW.

what for mean, or what Nelly means. If she
changes her plans now, she will prove herself an
aristocrat of the deepest dye. Quarter early
her love. She was quite annoying. L. A. S.

46. Gordon Square July
Sunday. [illegible] 19
1905

My Robert

Rent to what a pass things have
come when I have to write for news
of you to Ella! And now it
appears - as we say in the newspapers -
that you have been in London all
the time -
Why do you say
your journey is off? just as I have
worked myself into an unselfish frame of
mind - a tell me more how glad I am
you are going. Now must I show
that the Devil is not dead in me -
& that my real feelings is rarely
selfish. But your utterances are
so cryptic, & epigrammatic that I
really dont know what you mean, or why.

We went to our dance at Trinity, where we
stayed till 5.30. & we had tea with
Mr. Headlam, & sat with him in King's
Gardens afterwards, which was well spoiled
by the Quacker. & we had a picnic up
the river, & dropped our lunch basket into
the water, & got sandwiches soaked in
the Cam, & I talked to Fred. Maitland
for 3 hours, & we dined with
Adrian & we lunched with Bell, &
Rena smoked cigarettes instead of dancing,
& we came back on Thursday night. &
We have been more or less dissolute
Ever since.
Such gaiety makes it impossible to sit
down like a virtuous Penguin & Virginia &
Clive & I have been arguing for six
hours consecutively - which means
generally that I lose my temper in some

very remote cause – as for instance the Ethics of Empire (dont that sound grand.) Old Thoby went off like the dissipatable old rattlesnake he is to look for birds on the Norfolk broads. Poor Adrian was beginning to feel that his Cambridge was over, & we had to say goodbye to his rooms. It is rather sad to think that he must give up being taught – or rather amused – for ever, – & earn his own living. He took a third – so at any rate he has his degree, though not a brilliant one.

Yesterday I did a very melancholy thing – which was to take my working women over the Abbey. Only one came! – & we all solemnly went round the Chapel & the waxworks together, & saw the memory of a 40 year old parrot – which makes history so interesting miss!

Else asks me to meet Mr. Buxton the Principal of Morley; so I am rising in philanthropic circles, as I sink in literary ones. No books whatever to review – & I find at my history with a sense of utterly unrequited energy. We also stayed at Oxford – this

letter is what you might call a news sheet – he
we were introduced to six new undergraduates
at every meal, & in the intervals – it was a
very wet day – the Excellent Lethbridge. Expounded
her theories: always proving them in her
own person – how, for instance, the ideal life
is the married life – the life of a worker.
She teaches – the life of a philanthropist – she
runs a Home. We had to compare that
our lives were not after this pattern.
Why is virtue so unattractive – Only the
utterly dissolute really appeal to me –
Herbert weighs his histories, & makes his
jokes; & they combine intellect & humanity –
& Lord – what a bore it all is! But she
is really a nice woman – I find a
letter from Dorothea Stephen – that cumbersome
square footed Colleen – to say, as one might
say it was hot weather – that Christianity
rests on a fact – the Resurrection. Believe this
or be damned. Goodbye." Why then saddle
pieces of news? They are scattering in the middle
of a dinner party – of undergraduates. Now
write a coherent letter, & explain

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

My Violet,

I sent off in great haste two wretched little attempts - Say which is the least wretched, because I want to send the survivor to the Academy. I am going to make as much use of you as I can before you are beyond reach. O my Violet, why do you go when you have successfully trained me to climb round You? That is an

16, Gordon Square,
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image which should appeal to your
feelings as a gardener.
We had a long argument last night
about the friends who were to be
invited to St Ives; & it took
rather an odd form, for we
found that everybody wanted
the others to ask their friends -
and we each had to produce the
names of two. & I had the
greatest difficulty in finding even
that number; & one of them was
decided properly to belong to Nessa.

My stamp card is no use this year.
"Violet is quite an Ecclesiastical person" say both Thoby & Adrian.

I have been sent the proof of Mrs Carlyle. O Lord, this bad - such an ugly angular piece of writing, ah jagged edges.
Do you feel convinced I can write?
I am going to produce a real historical work this summer; for which I have solidly read & annotated 4 volumes of medieval English.
Fred Maitland was here this afternoon. There is a man I respect. He would read 4 volumes to write two

words. I think nothing of it.

The Baby, Henry Austen George Herbert de l'Etang was christened this morning, & I hope sleeps the sounder for it; but his aunts were at there.

Somehow manage to come when you are next in London.

Yr AA.

NYPL